Sung To the Tune of Anything At All

The sailor danced the whole
insinuated night,
went along home, hers,
to his dismay.

Her apparatus like his
own, though greater,
he beat to death
this epicine coquette.

Papers made a lot of it,
asking who is safe,
but at the trial he swung
the hirsute jury by detail.

A college town
thus used to
universals,
it rankled
to a man, both blac and
blond:

First to be deceived,
and then outdone.